

GEMS *of* PRAISE



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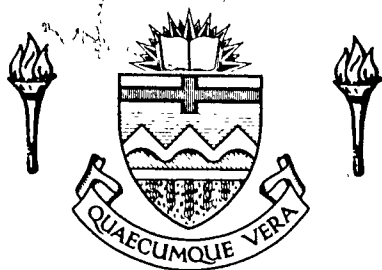
By

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MARY COULTER McCLELLAND
SASKATOON, SASK.

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GEMS *of* PRAISE



By

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SASKATOON, SASK.

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Gems of Praise



THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

How wondrously our Lord hath wrought
In earth and skies and sea,
The glories of this world so great,
Surprise both you and me.

The little flowers out in the fields,
Safe hidden in the grass,
If not alert, you'll surely miss
Their beauty, as you pass.

And planted in our parks today,
Here, there, and everywhere,
A king, dressed in his royal robes,
With these could not compare.

Delicious fruit upon the trees
Are placed there by His hand,
And, gazing on such pure delights,
Amazedly we stand.

The sweet song-birds that come to us
In plumage bright and rare,
To make us happy through the years—
These also are His care.

They travel far to warmer climes,
Each year they come and go,
But some will brave the winter's storm,
Their instinct tells them so.

Above us, up in skies so blue,
The stars, like diamonds, shine;
The moon, refulgent in her light,
All make our nights sublime.

The hills and mountains, too, are grand,
With beauties all their own;
Though steep and rough with rock and ice,
Great trees here, too, have grown.

From these same mountains, waterfalls,
Their spray comes, then is gone,
And valleys clad in verdure green
Were made by Him alone.

The oceans great and wide and deep
Came, too, from His dear hand;
Where massive ships ply to and fro,
They sail to every land.

The lakes and streams that dot our land,
Are beautiful to see;
For holidays in summer time
Made pleasurable free.

How can we look upon these things?
Doubt His creative power?
He watches o'er all He has made,
To us He gives this dower.

How wondrously our Lord hath wrought
To work out this His plan;
And nothing mars this wondrous scene
Except the sin of man.

And, too, for this, He has release,
His only Son He gave,
To die upon a cruel cross,
From death our souls to save.

SUGAR MAKING TIME

Come with me to the woods today,
'Tis sugar-making time;
The trees are tapped, the pails are hung,
And sap is running fine.

We go around from tree to tree,
A-tramping in the snow;
With horse and sled and tank combined,
Maybe, all this you know.

We gather all the sap each day,
And take to shanty near;
Then run it into vats and boil
Till it is syrup clear.

If it is sugar you would like,
Your patience try to keep;
Just watch and test, till hard it be,
Then pour in tins quite deep.

Or drop it on the snow so white,
Then taffy you will get;
It will be brittle, hard and stiff,
When you have let it set.

It is a glorious time of year,
You feel spring in the air,
Though working hard throughout the days,
It's fun, too, I declare.

Just try it out some day and find
What I have said is true;
And you can have this happy time,
With friends around you, too.

So thankful be for gifts like these,
These trees grow in our land;
And thus, to help out with our food,
It comes from God's own hand.

MY MAPLE TREE

There was a Maple tree that grew—
 'Twas many years ago,
When I was but a child, you see,
 I always loved it so.

A robin used to come and nest
 Up in its branches tall;
I climbed up there to see her eggs,
 She did not fear at all.

Each year she came and nested there,
 I watched them every day;
She raised her young till they were grown,
 And then they flew away.

These things I do remember well,
 Though growing old and gray;
But love to look back to those times,
 Happy I was and gay.

Those days are past, we all know well,
 Their memory with us stay;
For God doth bless where'er we are
 And leads us all the way.

HE LIVES

(Bethlehem tune)

I know that my Redeemer lives,
You ask me how I know;
His Holy Spirit doth agree
With mine that this is so;
So that is why I gladly sing
His praises day by day;
And tell to all I love Him so,
He leads me in His way.

Chorus:

He lives, He lives, I know He lives,
He bids all sin depart;
You ask me how I know He lives—
He lives within my heart.

I know that nought can e'er befall,
Nor sins of earth prevail;
For me who doth believe in Him
His promise cannot fail.
He always has, He always will,
Be strong to keep and bless,
All I have given unto Him
Within His righteousness.

I know this Rock, on which I build
Will stand forever sure;
For it is based upon His word
So true, so good and pure.
Thus built upon my faith will last
Through wind and storm away;
All I commit to Him He'll keep
Against that last great day.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
His death has all death slain—
My life is hid with Him until
Eternal life I gain.
So raise the Hallelujahs loud
For all His grace and love,
And praise His name, Oh praise His name
Both here and heaven above.

OUR REFUGE

Abiding in the secret place
Of our Almighty Lord,
Beneath that shadow, resting there,
Shelter He doth afford.

This promise, long ago was given
To all who are His own;
He gives them trust instead of fears,
When hearts oft times are torn.

This safety sure He did provide,
Knowing our needs each day;
To them no harm can ever come
While walking in His way.

His sure protection He will give
And keep from every snare;
When pestilence shall come our way
We'll know, we're in His care.

His faithfulness is ever sure,
If we in Him confide;
His shield and banner over us,
Yea, there is where we'll hide.

Because our trust is placed in Him
We shall no evil fear,
For He will walk with us through life
Till we in Heaven appear.

HIS PROMISE

If I be lifted from the earth,
Will draw all men to me;
If all the sin sick souls will come,
They will indeed be free.

This promise Christ did give to men,
When He lived here below;
He asks, we bring those lost to Him,
'He'll lift them from their woe.

For tasks He asks us to perform,
His strength to us will give;
Always His Presence will be there,
Throughout the days we live.

If we abide thus in His love,
A refuge is assured;
A shelter from the storms of life
Where doubts and fears are cured.

So let us follow where He leads,
For He will go before;
His grace and strength He freely gives,
For these—He has His store.

We never will regret our choice
Of Him throughout the years;
And when we go at last to heaven
There will be there—no tears.

WONDERFUL LOVE

(Tune: Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace)

Deep in my inmost soul today
Is a love unknown before,
Giving my life to God to keep,
Trusting and loving Him more.

Chorus:

Love, love, wonderful love,
Its source is in God alone;
Jesus has shown His love for all,
His blood for sin doth atone.

Before I found Jesus I was perverse,
Wanting—and having—my way;
He drew me by the chords of love,
His will I would have today.

His will is not hard to follow
If willing to give up sin;
His leading may take me far afield
But I shall have peace within.

So answer His call of love today,
He has died for each and all,
Then sing His praises for evermore,
At His feet adoring fall!

SERVICE

I know Thou dost not need, Oh Lord,
The service I can do;
Yet I would prove my love to Thee
By being always true.

It is an honour Thee to serve,
So may I love Thee more;
As day by day I go through life,
To me—new faith restore.

I would not choose my way, dear Lord,
For all Thy ways are best;
In Thy blest work be glad and free,
And Thou wilt be my guest.

Come in and be my Comforter,
In all things good or ill;
Whate'er of all Thy plans—Thy best
Always in me fulfil.

PEACE AND TRUST

Let not your heart be troubled so,
Since God is all in all,
If you just put your trust in Him
There's naught can you befall.

So then just trust, be not afraid,
While here on earth you stay;
Whate'er He asks, you'll undertake,
He'll always lead the way.

So, where He leads you need not fear,
He'll not let aught betide;
In all your times of storm and stress,
While He is by your side.

He says: My peace I leave with you:
What more can any ask?
And can you not leave all with Him?
He'll aid you with your task.

This peace, how wonderful it seems,
His followers will say,
The world cannot give this to you
Nor can it take away.

To Thee! Today! Dear Lord and God!
Let love and thanks be given;
Whose mercy great you've all received,
He rules in earth and heaven.

GOD'S HOLY WORD

The Bible promises are true,
So precious and sublime;
They fill our every need today
And have throughout all time.

It teaches us the love of God
As found in Christ our Lord;
And makes all things so clear and plain,
Searching His Holy Word.

It tells of His redeeming grace,
No other book can show;
When washed in His most precious blood
From Calvary's stream doth flow.

It gives us peace and happiness,
As surely we can see,
If we heed the invitation
He gives to you and me.

It teaches how to walk with Him,
To live from day to day,
To love our neighbors as ourselves—
This is the Christlike way.

So then, at last we'll live with Him
Above the bright blue sky;
And understand our troubles here,
Know all the reasons why.

NATURE

The Summer skies are beautiful,
With fleecy clouds like wool;
While passing o'er the vast blue dome,
Make shadows in the pool.

They are bedecked with stars at night,
Sparkling like gems so rare;
We watch them with such pure delight,
God's hand has placed them there.

And when the soft rain patters down
To water all the earth,
The flowers and grasses drink it in,
It brings to them—rebirth.

The Autumn skies have beauties, too,
A harvest moon o'erhead;
We gaze enraptured at the sight,
Blue canopy outspread.

When all the fruits of trees and grass
Have to fruition come,
We thank our God, fresh courage take,
And bear the harvest home.

AUTUMN

While walking in the woods one day,
 'Twas autumn time so fair;
Fall flowers were still in bloom so grand,
 Their perfume filled the air.

The foliage made a beauteous scene,
 So vari-colored, rare—
When nuts came dropping from the trees,
 Leaves fell and hid them there.

Bright squirrels running to and fro
 Gathered the nuts galore;
Fearlessly worked the livelong day
 To get their winter's store.

Where could they hide them—could they find
 A nice close hollow tree?
They make good food for real cold days,
 That's wisdom—we'll agree.

This wisdom comes to them we know
 From God who made them thus,
Always so happy at their work,
 No care nor any fuss.

A wondrous lesson there for us,
 Work for our daily food,
Then trust a heavenly Father's care
 To give us all things good.

LO! I AM WITH YOU

Lo! I am with you to the end,
Our Saviour tells us so,
His gifts of grace He gives to all,
And saves from every foe.

This promise many have believed
And travelled far afield,
And they have found He never failed,
His life and love revealed.

He is the same to all who come
And make of Him their friend,
And trust to Him their life, their all,
Until this life shall end.

And when at last in heaven they meet
Their Saviour face to face,
They sing around the throne on high
This only—Saved by grace.

OH TASTE AND SEE

(On Psalm 34:8)

Oh taste and see how wonderful
Our Saviour is to all;
As He reveals His love and grace,
Why wait—accept His call.

So when you come in penitence,
And in His mercy trust;
With arms outstretched to you He'll give
A place among the just.

Bring other friends to Him as well,
For He rejecteth none;
And all His promises He'll keep
Until this life is done.

So taste and see—make peace with God;
He is the same alway;
Then up in heaven—with those you love
You'll there forever stay.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

The call goes forth—have faith in God;
For this our Lord doth plead.
Throughout the years this faith hath proved
To be our greatest need.

When Christ was living here on earth,
This faith is what He sought;
To work His miracles of love
To people this He taught.

If we could trust as children do
Our days would be serene,
Our sorrows laid aside—and feel
As if they had not been.

We could not have this faith ourselves;
It is God's gift to man;
We just accept—give all to Him,
And then work out His plan.

These plans are easy when we trust—
Leave all things in His hands,
Having Him as our friend, our guide,
Obeying His commands.

So then, when life on earth is done
And we in heaven appear,
We will see God, then, face to face,
There will be there—no tear.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The Autumn's leaves are falling fast,
They whirl so to and fro;
Like so many happy children
As round and round they go.

I watched these same leaves' color change,
The frost had nipped them there;
Many beautiful shades they made,
The colors beyond compare.

The snow will fall and cover them,
When winter's blast holds sway;
A blanket, too, for grass and flowers,
When days are cold and grey.

The Lord has planned these seasons well,
For all things need this rest;
And from the ground fresh things will come
In spring, at His behest.

JESUS OUR REFUGE

Jesus, our refuge and our strength,
A very timely aid,
In every sorrow, storm or stress,
A bulwark Thou hast made.

Fears shall not have complete control,
Nor dread find resting place,
He will bring forth unto our aid
His stores and stores of grace.

Though sin doth often separate
And mar communion sweet,
He seeks His child to bring him back
Repentant, to His feet.

This refuge is for every one,
To sinners such as we,
His love and grace are free to all,
So come—and taste and see.

HIS LOVE

(Tune: How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds)

What is the breadth, length, depth, and height
Of Christ's great love for men?
It is unmeasurable now,
As it has always been.

What is the breadth? It stretches far,
Wide as man's shame and sin;
Still it can cleanse the needy soul,
As though sin had not been.

What is the length? The love of Christ,
To this there is no end;
And no beginning, we all know,
To all—His love extend.

It reaches down to lowest depth,
No soul too vile for Him;
He gave His life upon a cross,
The world undone to win.

How high His Love? Surpassing all
That we have felt or known;
When saved our spirits answer back,
His work was finished—done.

How great His Love? Beyond our skill
To comprehend His plan;
But when we see Him face to face
Up there—we'll understand.

THY WILL BE DONE

Jesus, our Lord, to Thee we pray,
Oh wilt Thou wash our sin away;
And help us at all times to say—
Thy will be done.

And when in sorrow or in pain,
Heal us and lift us up again;
We know all other help is vain—
Thy will be done.

Let us in Thy presence rest,
Solaced on Thy tender breast;
And there be forever blest—
Thy will be done.

BLESS THE LORD

(On Psalm 34)

At all times I will bless the Lord;
His praise be in my song;
My soul shall make her boast in Thee,
To God all things belong.

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
Let us exalt His name,
And spread throughout the whole wide earth
The wonder of His fame.

Oh fear the Lord, all ye His saints;
For they no want can know.
And all good things He will supply
Alike to high and low.

Who is it now desireth life
And loveth many days?
From speaking guile to keep thy tongue
And use it in His praise.

So trust in Him whate'er betide;
He will be always true.
Close to you there He will be found
And He will see you through.

SPRING TIME

Most people think that spring is just
The nicest time of year;
The resurrection to new life,
When leaves and buds appear.

The crocus flowers are first to come,
Mauve-shaded, blues, and pinks;
They come when some snow yet is here,
So brave they are, methinks.

The children skipping to and fro
Are happy and care-free;
This game the first real sign of spring,
That's what they're telling me.

The April showers that wash the earth,
They bring green grass to view;
To cover fields and hills alike,
The nights are damp with dew.

So then the farmer sows his seed.
Barley and oats and wheat;
Nature's moisture they, too, will need
As well as summer's heat.

The many pleasures that we have
Throughout the long, long days;
These lovely things, with songs of birds,
Fill my whole heart with praise.

All nature's gifts come from our God.
These treasures He has given—
To draw us nearer to Himself
And lift our thoughts to Heaven.

THE BIBLE

(Tune: Oh God of Bethel)

The Bible is a wondrous book,
It speaks of Christ to me;
His sacrificing life on earth,
And death on Calvary.

It tells of how He conquered death,
Hell, and the grave as well;
And rose on that first Easter Day,
The Book does this foretell.

It tells how love and grace divine
Was shown to all mankind;
That all who come to Him by faith
Shall true salvation find.

For trusting in His blood alone,
'Twas shed on Calvary;
That every one could then go free,
Including you and me.

Christ's call then comes to one and all,
Go spread my gospel clear;
To every nation, tribe, and tongue,
To those both far and near.

He will be with us where we go,
Either on land or sea;
And after death He'll take us home,
Up there with Him to be.

PUT ON OUR ARMOUR

Put on our armour for the fight,
Each piece put on with care;
Lay hold on life eternal here,
Our hearts and souls prepare.

His boundless mercy is so great
To sinners such as we,
For that is why He came to earth—
To die on Calvary.

We have a race to run for Christ,
Look up and seek His face;
The road of life still lies ahead,
We live it by His grace.

We know He is the way, the truth;
His spirit will provide,
So cast away our sins and cares,
And He will be our guide.

Christ will be all things to us here,
Our life, our love, our all;
Only believe and trust His love,
Then nothing can befall.

So weaken not—He's always near
To bless us and to cheer;
Faint not—nor fear—He changes not,
And we are very dear.

Know He is with us in the fight,
Though tempted very sore;
There's no temptation known to man
But He has known before.

So trust Him then throughout this life,
A home He will prepare,
And take us up to dwell with Him,
His glory there to share.

SEASONS

The yearly seasons come and go,
Their cycle to complete;
With skates and sleds on ice and snow
Our winters are a treat.
But some—they find the winter hard,
With stormy wind and blast,
We take the weather, bad or good,
Knowing it cannot last.

But what about the spring, you ask,
When rains and showers fall;
They bring the flowers and grass to view,
Your mind will this recall.
The children happy at their play
All through the springtime hours,
They skip and jump and have their games
And thus increase their powers.

The summer, too, must have its place,
With all its pastime rare;
For evening walks at close of day
You may these hours compare.
We feel the heat on city street,
But there's the country, too,
Drives there can most delightful be,
Our spirits to renew.

The autumn is the crowning one,
Most every one will say;
When ripening fruit and grain are stored,
Our debt of love then pay.
Who, then, but God doth give all this
For people to enjoy?
To thank Him for these benefits
Our tongues and hearts employ.

ABIDING IN HIM

Jesus, in Thee abiding,
To us, can come no ill;
No changes in Thee finding,
If we are trusting still.
Tempests may roar around us,
We know that Thou art near,
And Thou wilt watch above us,
Noting our every tear.



Wherever Thou wilt lead us,
We know you'll go before,
And thus we'll trust Thee always,
Thy blessings on us pour.
Thy wisdom will be with us
And help us when we fall,
Direct our thoughts towards the light,
Jesus, our all in all.

Green pastures He may give us
Which yet we have not seen,
And stars be bright above us
Though clouds may intervene.
Thy love we cannot fathom,
We'll take Thee at Thy word,
We'll yield our lives to Thee alone,
Saviour, and Risen Lord.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS

(Tune: God Sees the Little Sparrows Fall)

The Saviour calls, come unto Me,
Find peace and rest today,
I've waited long, I'm waiting still,
My love and care repay.

Refrain:

The Saviour calls, return to Me,
There's danger in delay.
Salvation still is free to all,
So hasten—come today.

The Saviour calls, come unto me,
Oh thirsty soul and live.
A fountain opened up for you,
Water of life I give.

The Saviour calls, you've wandered far
Along the way of sin;
But I have opened up the way
To heaven, to let you in.

The Saviour calls, I am the Truth,
Also the Way and Life;
Accepting these, I'll see you through,
All this world's stress and strife.

The Saviour calls, come unto Me,
And thus escape the rod;
A light to shine upon the road,
I'll lead you home to God.

THY GIFTS

Oh source of every perfect gift,
Bow down Thine ear today,
And give us what Thou see'st we need,
Dear Lord, for this we pray.

Thy gifts are precious in our sight,
And will be cherished, too;
We'll try to live as Thou hast taught;
This is indeed Thy due.

If we just seek these gifts aright,
Thy promises are sure;
And lived according to our light
Our souls will be made pure.

Give us Thy light and truth to guide,
Thy way we'll not forsake;
And lead us in the paths of right
E'en for Thine own name's sake.

These gifts when used for Thee each day
Bring happiness divine;
And following Thee for evermore
We're sure we're truly Thine.

So use our voice to sing and speak
When to us chances come;
Then when our work on earth is o'er,
He'll say to us, "Well done!"

WORSHIP

Come, let us worship and fall down
Before our Lord and King,
For all the blessings He has wrought.
We'll let our praises ring.
His plans are always for our good
Though we don't see the way,
If we just trust and never doubt,
He'll lead us every day.

We are the sheep of His own flock,
The people of His hand;
He has promised His protection
To His flocks of every land;
So we must listen to His voice
And heed all His commands,
So harden not your hearts today
For that would wreck His plans.

So come to Him in thankfulness,
Our voices raised to sing;
The hallelujahs that we feel
It is our right to bring.
For He has promised peace and rest
To all who come to Him;
In the heavenly home He has prepared
For those we've sought to win.

THY KINGDOM COME

Thy Kingdom come—Let these words ring
In cadence long and clear;
Our blest Redeemer shed His blood,
He loved His own, so dear.

Thy Kingdom come—Deliverance bring
To souls lost and undone;
For all who come and trust in Him,
And He refuses none.

Thy Kingdom come—It surely will,
And always shall endure;
For He has great provision made
To make and keep us pure.

THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PEACE

Thou wilt keep Him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.
Yea, God is watching o'er His own
Our guardian He will be.

And now I leave my peace with you
To aid you through each day.
For I have overcome the world,
I'll lead you all the way.

So then, do not discouraged be
Because the fight seems long.
Courage and strength I'll freely give,
Thus I will make you strong.

Nor do you ever troubled be,
Nor fearful nor afraid,
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The Head of this Crusade.

MY ALL IN ALL

Thou art my God, my King, my all;
At Thy blest feet, I humbly fall;
Seeking Thy grace, to live each day,
Thou art the Truth, the Life, the Way.

My every need will be supplied,
I always shall be satisfied.
The gates of heaven are open wide,
And why? Because my Saviour died.

Then come to Him; now heed His call,
And answer yes; He gave His all;
You'll not regret the promise made
To One who thus the debt has paid.

HOW WONDROUS ARE THY WORKS, OH LORD

How wondrous are Thy works, Oh Lord,
And ways, past finding out;
Thy doings great, down through the years
Leaves now no place for doubt.

All power is Thine, Oh Lord, we know,
To use it as you will;
Thy dews of love from heaven fall
In blessings on us still.

Thy thoughts and ways are far above
A human mortal's ken;
Thy spirit will impart Thy grace
And knowledge unto men.

Then praise and magnify His name,
Thine own would have it so;
Then come to us, Oh Lord, our God,
And end this reign of woe.

We know that safe with Thee remains,
What we place in Thy care,
And that, for all Your own, a home
In Heaven You will prepare.

Our homage, Lord, we bring to Thee,
In weakness, though it be;
Whate'er we have is Thine alone,
We bring it all to Thee.

TRUST ALWAYS

(Tune: Christian Seek Not Yet Repose)

Christian, look not yet for rest,
Though thou art so sorely pressed,
Christ expects your very best,
Trust always.

Though temptations do gain ground
God's good grace doth you surround,
And salvation you have found,
Trust always.

Keep your armour always bright,
Walk forever in the light:
Keeping thus the goal in sight,
Trust always.

Wait in prayer before thy Lord,
Being steadfast in His word,
Always be in full accord,
Trust always.

Watch, for you are not alone,
And His work is not yet done,
But for you has just begun,
Trust always.

Heed, Oh Christian, heed today,
Always what He has to say,
And then hasten to obey,
Trust always.

APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

I stood one morning by my door,
A wondrous scene I viewed;
The apple trees all pink and white
With dampness were bedewed.

The whole orchard was full of bloom,
A sight rare to behold;
And the perfume—so sweet and pure,
Did all the place enfold.

Bees were busy at work as well,
Gathering their honey there;
They sang and hummed the whole day through,
And sunlight filled the air.

I watched and watched that beauteous scene,
I could not get my fill;
And I have kept that scene with me
For I can see it still.

What memories of childhood days
Doth follow all our ways,
For God doth give us all these things
To cheer and bless our days.

CROWN HIM

God of our fathers and our God,
Before Thy feet we fall;
As King of Kings, all hail we cry,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen ones of every race,
Bow down both great and small;
Yea, tell abroad His love and grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

His own salvation, He has wrought,
To save us from "the fall";
When we surrender all to Him
We'll crown Him Lord of all.

We will be blest, right here and now,
Who answer to His call;
To work to glorify His name
And crown Him Lord of all.

Then praise His name, while here below
His greatness oft recall;
He'll take us up above with Him,
To crown Him Lord of all.

When this, our life, on earth is o'er,
And heavenly things enthrall;
We'll sing with all the angel throng,
Then crown Him Lord of all.

PRAISE HIM

Oh Lord, my God, I will Thee praise,
As long as I have breath;
Until my earthly course is run,
My eyelids close in death.

My God, my King, Thou hast my love,
I will Thee serve always;
For Thou hast kept me close to Thee,
And blessed me all my days.

Who would not follow one like Thee,
So wondrously doth bless;
He, all the time, keeps watch o'er us,
How can we dare do less?

All peoples of the world we know
Are hung'ring for His word;
Oh, can we not go forth with Him,
And bring them to our Lord?

He said He would not cast them out,
Whoe'er would to Him come;
And when this life on earth is done,
He'll take His children home.

HIS CARE

The Lord is mindful of His own,
Alone you will not be;
With His own presence He will bless,
His good gifts give to thee.

He is seeking those to love Him,
Who will follow all the way,
Though the way be rough and thorny,
Will you say—Yes, today?

Who would not be one of His own,
With these good things outpoured?
When you surrender—you will find
All promises assured.

HIS CALL

Jesus is calling and saying
Come work for Me today,
The need is great, the fields are white,
He'll show each one the way.

The doors are opening everywhere,
In countries far and near,
They are hungering and thirsting,
And dying in their fear.

Our Christ has everything they need,
He has given for them His all;
Then why not go and take to them
The story of our fall?

And how He came to earth and died,
Their poor lost souls to save,
That all might be made clean and whole—
For this His life He gave.

His call that comes to us today,
Is for our witness pure,
There is no greater tale to tell,
Our suffering ills to cure.

So let us answer one and all,
We'll go where'er we're sent;
And tell this dying world He died,
For them His life was spent.

He will go with us, this we know,
This promise He has given;
And after death He'll take us home
To be with Him in Heaven.

JESUS OUR ALL

Oh, Jesus, ever with us stay,
Lest we wander, lest we stray;
Thou can'st guide and Thou can'st keep,
If we always for Thee seek.

Oh, Jesus, Giver of all good,
Oh, Thou who art the manna food,
Oh, keep us always kind and true,
And we will give Thee honours due.

Oh, Jesus, Saviour, Priest, and King,
To Thee our praises we would bring,
Always bless Thee and adore,
Give us grace to love Thee more.

HOPE IN GOD

Why art thou so downcast, my soul,
Disquieted in me?
My hope is in the Lord, my God,
Whose glory I shall see.

Yea, Christ is coming! Oh, so soon!
The signs all point that way,
To always look above, I'm told,
As this time draweth near.

I lift my heart and voice as well,
In one long hymn of praise,
To one who plans for me—the best—
To Him my songs I raise.

So be not so cast down, my soul,
The best is yet to come,
When He will take His own with Him
To His Eternal Home.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

He came to earth that Christmas Day,
A babe so wondrous fair;
No wonder that the wise men came;
They knew their Lord was there.

So from the East, they made their way,
They followed a bright star
That led them right to Bethlehem,
They journeyed from afar.

These same wise men had waited long,
They knew Christ should be born;
So thus they came to see this child
That first bright Christmas morn.

They found the babe they long had sought,
Who in the manger lay;
The mother watched beside her babe,
Asleep upon the hay.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh they brought,
An offering to their King;
They gave the best they had to Him:
Today—what can we bring?

Our hearts and love are what He asks;
So let us then today
Give Him our all, e'en that's too small,
And thus our tribute pay.

CHRISTMAS

The skies were bright with stars that night,
Night of our Saviour's birth;
But one star did outshine the rest,
When He came down to earth.

What brought the Christ Child down to earth,
Purer than driven snow?
To show to men the "Love of God"
And set their hearts aglow.

The shepherds watched their flocks that night,
There seated on the ground;
With bated breath they angels saw,
And heard this joyful sound.

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,"
The angels sang that night;
Their hearts stood still in reverent awe
At this grand wondrous sight.

To save our souls from death and hell
He came—He knew He must,
To turn our hearts back to our God
In love and perfect trust.

So give our hearts to Him today,
Our promises renew;
Him honour, praise, and glorify,
This is His rightful due.

CHRISTMAS MORN

On Christmas morn a babe was born,
Thus does the Bible say;
The shepherds and the wise men came
Their tribute to Him pay.

Why came the babe to Bethlehem?
He had been promised long;
The angels from the Heavens proclaimed
His praises in their song.

He came our fallen state to save,
He saw our shame and sin;
He took our place on Calvary's cross,
Just where we should have been.

He suffered thus for you and me,
He died our souls to win;
What can we do to show our love?
Surrender all to Him!

To give our all in life to Him,
When He that life to save
Gave up His throne and took our flesh,
His all for us He gave.

So let us all with heart and soul
Work while we can today,
To bring as many home to Him,
He'll lead us all the way.

CHRISTMAS STORY

I have a story to tell you,
It happened years ago;
The Saviour, Christ, the Lord, was born,
Down in this world of woe.

The people had been waiting long,
Their promised King to greet;
From the far east—three wise men came
To worship at His feet.

A bright star led these wise men there,
Unto a stable bare;
They brought Him gold, frankincense, myrrh,
Gifts that were rich and rare.

In peaceful sleep they found the babe,
There in a manger laid;
His mother watching by His side,
A wondrous picture made.

In adoration, there they knelt,
Knowing He was their King;
The mother knew deep in her heart
Their best to Him they bring.

Come, let us to this manger go,
And learn to love Him more,
For this dear babe is now our Lord,
Come worship and adore.

WAS IT FOR US?

Was it for us the Saviour came
That wondrous Christmas day?
His childish eyes did gaze upon
Earth's beauties by the way.
What loving pride the mother took
In Him, her first-born son;
She watched Him grow from day to day,
The people's hearts He won.

He grew to manhood's stature tall,
Favoured of God and man;
Watching over our cares and joys,
New ways of life began.
The people's faith is what He sought
To work His wonders great;
His love He gave unstintedly,
E'en death could not abate.

From day to day on earth He worked,
From sin all men to save;
To make them fit for heaven above,
For this—His life He gave.
So let us worship and adore,
For all the pain He bore,
Then up in heaven—when face to face
We'll praise Him evermore.

LOOKING FOR SANTA

Are you looking for Santa Claus
To come into your house?
Then you must be so quiet,
As quiet as a mouse.

He comes down the chimney there,
When you are fast asleep.
Don't you ever dare to make
Even one little peep.

Children all should be so good
Throughout the whole long year,
And if you are I'm very sure
At your house he'll appear.

MY SHELTER

Oh, Jesus, underneath Thy cross
Forever I would hide;
A shelter from all ill I find
When Thou art by my side.

In my weakness Thy strength upholds,
When tears my eyes bedim,
Thy love and grace still draw me on,
Thy blood doth cleanse my sin.

I wonder oft times You love me,
I go so far astray;
Thou art above Thy creations,
Holding Thy rightful sway.

HIS CROSS

Whene'er I look upon Thy Cross,
Where Thou hast died for me,
My foolish pride I throw away
And give myself to Thee.

I would not boast of anything
That I have said or done;
Save in Thy death, Oh Lord, my God,
Which does for sin atone.

I see from head and hands and feet,
Thy blood poured forth for me,
How could such pain and sorrow flow,
And the whole world go free?

What does this cross call forth today
In off'rings to the King?
Love so amazing still demands
Soul, life, and all to bring.

EASTER SONG

Jesus Our Lord is risen today,
Let us rejoice and sing;
Broken the seal, removed the stone,
His life to us to bring;
Our world was lost in sin, He knew,
He came to set us free,
Whoever comes to Me I'll save,
Oh Listen to His plea.

There never was one good enough
To pay this price of sin.
He has the keys of heaven alone
And He can let us in
Why did He suffer thus and die?
His precious blood to spill?
So all the world might come to Him,
He's waiting, seeking still.

Why keep Him waiting thus outside?
For Him your heart doth crave.
He is the only One I know
That can and will us save.
So let us on this Easter morn
Our hallelujahs bring;
And sing His praises loud and long
Till heaven's high arches ring.

A THOUGHT FOR EASTER

(Galatians 6:14)

I glory in Thy cross alone
For Thou hast died for me;
And that is just the reason why
I've given my life to Thee.

I thank and praise Thee, and adore,
For these things Thou hast wrought;
And shedding thus Thy precious blood
Salvation Thou hast brought.

But Oh, what love, what wondrous love
To us was shown that day;
That sinners everywhere might come
To Thee, dear Lord, to pray.

Because You suffered on the cross
That this world might go free;
Then coming unto Thee by faith,
They truly saved will be.

Beneath that cross I'll take my stand,
His strength to me He'll give;
Gladly perform the tasks He plans,
And so, I'll strive to live.

Forgiveness thus He gives to all
Who count the world but loss;
And in the New Jerusalem
Their glory, all "the cross."

PRAYER HYMN

Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Knowing Thou dost love us all.
Thou hast mercy to forgive,
Wilt Thou give us grace to live?

When in sorrow and distress
Or passing through a wilderness,
May we feel Thee very near,
Thy love can cast out every fear.

Sinful creatures are we all,
Prone to stray and then to fall;
We know that Thou hast paid the price
Of every sinner's sacrifice.

From Thy side so sorely riven
Was Thy blood divinely given;
Thus Thy love has always been,
Washed in it we shall be clean.

Give us wings of faith to rise,
Ever upwards to the skies,
Life eternal so to gain,
Forever there, with Thee to reign.

Then to Thee Our God, we raise
This our loving hymn of praise;
To Thee Who art the Lord of Hosts,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

No lack of anything I need,
 If He my shepherd be;
 I rest, within the pastures green
 Because He leadeth me.

For thus He makes me walk with Him
 In paths of righteousness;
 For His name's sake—He has my soul
 Restored in perfect bliss.

Though hard the road and dark the way,
 Yet will I trust Him still;
 For He still knows the way I take,
 His vows He will fulfil.

My food Thou hast prepared for me,
 Along with good and ill;
 With all Thy greatness I'm amazed,
 Do with me what you will.

Thy goodness shall with me abide
 Till all my days are o'er;
 And in the home Thou has prepared
 I'll rest for evermore.

I AM HIS

I am His and He is mine,
 He can make this thought sublime,
 Sharing tears and joys each day
 Keeps and guides me all the way.

I in You and Thou in me,
 Here eternal life to see,
 Living close to Him below,
 Grace He will on me bestow.

His shed blood—for sacrifice,
 Opening thus—a Paradise,
 Combined effort, such as this,
 Cleanses all my sinfulness.

OH COME TO HIM

(Revelations 1:5, 6)

Oh come to Him Who loved so much
He gave His life for us;
Upon the cross, He died that day
In pain and anguish—thus
Our world was lost in sin and shame.
As then—it is today—
He calls again, in love as great,
Oh won't you come? You may.

He washed our sins away that day
In His own precious blood:
That all His people might go free
By cleansing in this flood.
What happiness this brings to us,
Surrendering to Him all;
And sweet communion each to each,
When answering His call.

What promise does He give to us
For all our service here?
A home above, when work is done,
That time is drawing near.
He'll make us kings and priests on high
To reign with Him some day;
With Father, Son and Holy Ghost
We'll live in peace away.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE

Look not upon the wine so red,
Though tempting to the taste—
At first, it seemeth to be good,
But is a source of waste.
As day by day, they have their glass,
A habit formed they'll find:
And as they follow on this way
Their heart and will 'twill bind.

The Bible says there's woe within,
And sorrow, too, as well—
And this we know to be the case
In places where they sell.
But what of the once happy homes
Where they have had their fling?
It biteth like a serpent still,
And as an adder's sting.

And when old age creeps on they'll say
A wasted life I've made—
I've spent my wages in this way,
And so helped on "the trade."
Young people, in the end, you'll find
Your real friends will applaud,
If you will take this good advice
And give your life to God.